'Twill bring you gaine, or perish on the seas.
Bap. The gaine I seeke, is quiet me the match.
Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch,
But now *Baptista*, to your yonger daughter,
Now is the day we long haue looked for,
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.
Tra. And I am one that loue *Bianca* more
Then words can witnesse, or your thoughts can gueesse.
Gre. Yongling thou canst not loue so deare as I.
Tra. Gray-beard thy loue doth freeze.
Gre. But thine doth frie,
Skipper stand backe, 'tis age that nourisheth.
Tra. But youth in Ladies eyes that flourisheth.
Bap. Content you Gentlemen, I will compound this strife
'Tis deeds must win the prize, and he of both
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall haue my *Biancas* loue.
Say signior *Gremio*, what can you assure her?
Gre. First, as you know, my house within the City
Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
Basons and ewers to laue her dainty hands:
My hangings all of *Tirian* tapestrie:
In Iuory coffers I haue stuft my Crownes:
In Cipres chests my arras counterpoints,
Costly apparell, tents, and Canopies,
Fine linnen, Turky cushions bost with pearle,
Vallens of Venice gold, in needle worke:
Pewter and brasse, and all things that belongs
To house or house-keeping: then at my farme
I haue a hundred milch-kine to the pale,
Sixe-score fat Oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
My selfe am strooke in yeeres I must confesse,
And if I die to morrow this is hers
If whil'st I liue she will be only mine.
Tra. That only came well in: sir, list to me,
I am my fathers heyre and onely sonne,
If I may haue your daughter to my wife,
Ile leaue her houses three or foure as good,

Within rich *Pisa* walls, as an
Old Signior *Gremio* has in *P*
Besides two thousand, Ducke
Of fruitfull Land, all which
What, haue I pincht you Si
Gre. Two thousand Duc
My Land amounts not to so
That she shall haue, besides a
That now is lying in Marcell
What, haue I choakt you wit
Tra, Gremio, 'tis knowne
Then three great Argosies, b
And twelue tite Gallies, thes
And twice as much what ere
Gre. Nay, I haue offred a
And she can haue no more th
If you like me, she shall haue
Tra. Why then the maid
By your firme promise, *Gre*
Bap. I must confesse your
And let your father make her
She is your owne, else you m
If you should die before him
Tra. That's but a cauill:
Gre. And may not yong m
Bap. Well Gentlemen, I a
On sonday next, you know,
My daughter *Katherine* is t
Now on the sonday following
Be Bride to you, if you make
If not to Signior *Gremio*:
And so I take my leaue, and t
Gre. Adieu good neighb
Sirra, yong gamester, your fa
To giue thee all, and in his w
Set foot vnder thy table: tut,
An olde Italian foxe is not so
Tra. A vengeance on you
Yet I haue fac'd it with a card

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Taming of the Shrew* (STC 22327) LONDON, 1631 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (